

## THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

5,605

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

Darius Green isn't in it with Glenn H. Curtis.

Dr. Cook is taking a little Scotch for a while.

Roosevelt easily commits lese-majesty, or any other old thing.

T. R. made 'em dance—in London, as well as on the streets of Cairo.

It is time to pour a little oil on this New England milk war. Water is barred.

Last you may have overlooked the fact: this is June, the loveliest month of the year.

When given the freedom of London, Roosevelt looked the gift in the face and then slapped it.

It would be a nice thing for Hardwick and Hardwick granite interests if the new joint memorial and town building for considerable granite in its construction, because the value of granite as a building stone can be impressed on visitors best when the material is seen in actual work. If Barre were to erect a city hall again, it is possible that more Barre granite might be used in the construction than is to be seen in the present structure. Therefore, Hardwick may well take the advice of The Gazette and investigate the cost of granite, to see if the appropriation for the work will not permit the use of more granite and less brick than was originally intended.

## MEMORIAL DAY INTEREST.

Some cities report the largest and most inspiring Memorial day exercises on Monday that they have held since the inauguration of the custom. That doesn't speak much for the plan to abolish Memorial day and substitute merely Memorial Sunday, on the alleged ground that the day has lost its significance in the multiplicity of sports. On the contrary, it looks like a revival of interest in the day. Toward increasing that interest next year, the newspapers can do a great part by preparing the people, days and weeks ahead, for the celebration. Undoubtedly the press would be pleased to co-operate even more with the G. A. R. posts by publishing announcements of the plans made for the day's observance. Memorial day has oftentimes lacked adequate publicity sufficiently in advance of the day.

## MEAD FORCES DISCONCERTED.

The two esteemed contemporaries in Rutland, The Morning Herald and The Evening News, came out yesterday in a half-hearted manner and attempted to discredit the value of the figures on the Vermont governorship, which this paper secured by letter canvass in practically every town of the state. They claim that the figures showing that Fleetwood is leading are not conclusive, because the letters were sent to only 700 voters, which is a small percentage of the entire voting list of the state. Of course, the result of the canvass was not conclusive; nor was it intended to be. It was meant simply to give an indication of the trend of public sentiment as gleaned from reports of representative men in every community. Nothing would be conclusive until the sentiment of every voter in the state was secured; and that, contemporaries, would be scarcely possible, as you will readily agree. Furthermore, to The Evening News, which hints that this paper might have "inspired" the figures so that the count would appear favorable to Mr. Fleetwood, we would state that the canvass was made independently of any bias in the matter and solely with the determination of touching the real pulse of the people as to the governorship.

That this canvass should have caused a flutter in the Mead camp is not to be wondered at, when the table by counties was examined, for it showed that Lieutenant Governor Mead by no means has the support of his own county, Fleetwood receiving nearly half as many votes right there as Mead himself, while another large portion of the total showed their dissatisfaction by voting for one of three other candidates, or mentioned names. On the other hand, Fleetwood carried the unanimous support of his home county, Lamont. When the folks at home show their lack of confidence in one of their own citizens, then it is indicative to the remainder of the state that the candidate has not the qualities to command entire confidence. That is Mead's position, as shown by the Rutland county canvass, whereas Lamont county is not only unanimous but enthusiastic over the candidacy of Fleetwood. This doubt about Mead is further reflected in the fact that the only two counties where he has a commanding lead are the two counties which were in the first place conceded to him through primary of entry and effort. Since then,



If you're a bird at the game, don't neglect your plumage.

Here are the flannel trousers with the new waist band that help in comfort and looks.

Here are the new chanterleer scarfs, new Summer shirts, new hose, the newest hat.

Our store is headquarters for clothes news.

We Clean, Press and Repair Clothing.

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The big store with little prices.  
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Fleetwood has been going ahead, while Mead has been either standing still or losing ground.

Current Comment

"Up to" Montpelier.

It is about time Montpelier said something definite regarding the Northern League proposition. Three other cities are anxiously waiting for the capital city sports to get together.—Rutland Herald.

## Hyde Park's Hustling.

Judging from the manner in which the people of Hyde Park are going about the work of rebuilding, that progressive village will soon be more beautiful than ever. The decision of the voters to install a gravity water system as an expense not to exceed \$20,000 has been followed by the announcement that public buildings and private residences are to be promptly erected, and it is safe to say that the county structures will be included in the list.—Burlington Free Press.

## State Needs That Kind.

We are glad to note that the candidacy of L. M. Seaver of Williamstown for a place in the state Senate is meeting with general favor in Washington county. Mr. Seaver was an able representative in 1908 and, as we have said before, was closely allied with all that tended to the best interest of his county and state and was a valued and capable member. In the Senate he would have that experience and prove himself well fitted for that body. It is just that sort of men that the state needs and the people in Washington county will do well in choosing him.—Morrisville News and Citizen.

## Secretary of State Bailey.

The Journal is glad to observe that there is no opposition to the renomination of the efficient secretary of state, Guy W. Bailey of Essex Junction. He is a thoroughly capable official, intelligent and courteous, and the best interests of the state demand his continuance in office. Mr. Bailey's career in the legislature and in his present office has been of a nature to attract the attention of the public, not on account of any sensational episodes, but rather by his capacity and his usefulness in the public service. He is an excellent type of the best class of the young men Vermont can furnish for places of responsibility.—Montpelier Journal.

## Inebriate Bills of Two States.

A bill has passed the New York legislature and has found the necessary approval of Mayor Gaynor, authorizing, with the consent of the board of estimates of New York City, the appointment of a board of inebriety and the establishment of a hospital and industrial colony for the curative treatment of habitual drunkards. This New York bill is along the same lines as the one already introduced in the Massachusetts legislature by the trustees of the Foxboro state hospital. Both bills recognize the existence of a large group of habitual drunkards who are not amenable to correctional treatment, but are pathologic and in need of hospital care. Of the 90,550 arrests for drunkenness in Massachusetts in 1909, a large proportion were "accidental" or "occasional" drunkards, for whom release, probation, and fines were adequate treatment. Others were advanced wilful or criminal cases, for whom prisons offer proper care. But a proportion of those arrested, as has been carefully shown in the special report of the Foxboro trustees on "Drunkenness in Massachusetts" are pathologic—victims of the disease inebriety, and not to be helped by confinement in prison, but only by prolonged treatment under medical specialists. The demands of the Massachusetts bill are modest, urging only the immediate appropriation of a small sum of money for the purchase of a tract of waste land whereon a hospital for curables and a farm colony for incurables, on the cottage plan, could be erected by the labor of inmates. It is significant that sociologists, penologists, and physicians are alike awakening to the existence of a perpetual penal treatment for those suffering from the disease of inebriety, and to the need of differentiation of types with appropriate correctional or curative treatment for each. The inebriety bill of Mayor Gaynor of the New York City is a recognition of the necessity of scientific and comprehensive handling of the problem of drunkenness.—Boston Transcript.

Cheer Up! You're Dead a Long While.  
A correspondent of The News writes: "Mrs. John Jones, who has been ill, is

improving. (I believe that disease according to the idea of The Evening News is considered a mental phantom, and should not be published. Nevertheless, it is quite real to some people, and there are those that like to know if their friends in adjoining towns are ill or well, so that they can sympathize with them, or condemn them, according as they believe.)

The News has no notion that disease is a "mental phantom." It has every reason to believe that it is not only real but universal and omnipresent. If the correspondent could follow the news items that come into a newspaper office from its correspondents in a single week, he would conclude that disease was about the only reality.

The correspondent tells The News because it "lets out" from the news items sent in so many paragraphs relating to illness of people. This is done for the reason that it is believed that too much bulk of news items published relate to indisposition of people, real or imaginary, the news items are not only depressing to readers but are embarrassing.

We believe that the communities in this section of Vermont are as salubrious and the people are as healthy as anywhere in the country, but you couldn't make people believe that if the news items of correspondents were always printed just as furnished. In some cases the week's news jottings from a community are exclusively about people who are sick.

Naturally every newspaper endeavors to print the real news, but it is justified in eliminating the inconsequential items of those suffering from temporary ailments. In so doing the newspaper is serving the best interests of the communities. No town wants a reputation that it is made up exclusively of invalids and cripples.

Cheer up! You're dead a long while. Let's talk about the living and lively.—Rutland News.

## Railroads and Summer Hotels.

For some time the answer to every plea for additional summer hotel facilities on the Vermont shore of Lake Champlain has been the assertion that the big hotels at Plattsburgh and elsewhere on the New York side did not pay. It had occurred to most people that if the Delaware and Hudson railroad company had not found the big summer hotel at Plattsburgh a profitable venture, it would hardly have duplicated the venture, though on a somewhat different scale, at Auville chasm. In spite of this fact, however, the cry continued that the summer hotels in question were not profitable.

A more severe test of the question whether the Delaware and Hudson railroad company has found its Champlain and Lake George hotels to be what ventures have repeatedly occurred. The Fort William Hotel on Lake George was burned to the ground, and the railroad company promptly proceeded to replace the destroyed structure with a hotel more pretentious than its predecessor in every way. The new hotel, which is over 30 feet in length, will be in readiness for business this season, and it is expected to draw a large number of people.

The hotel Champlain at Plattsburgh has just been destroyed, and it is fair to presume that if the railroad company had not found the venture a paying one it would have abandoned the effort to conduct a hotel on Lake Champlain. On the contrary, it is stated that hotel Champlain will be rebuilt to accommodate one of the chain of famous hostilities along the line of the Delaware and Hudson. To do otherwise would be to admit that it did not expect the west shore of Lake Champlain to continue to hold its popularity with the tourist public with consequent loss of travel.

Does any intelligent man doubt that, if the New York Central's Rutland system were to pursue a similar policy by erecting a great summer hotel at some commanding point among the islands, opposite Plattsburgh, for example, the result would be the attraction of still greater crowds to Lake Champlain and greatly increased summer travel for the railroad. Unquestionably, the story would be simply a repetition of the White Mountain region, where the multiplication of hotels has not killed business for any one of them, but on the contrary has simply added to business for all concerned, through the increased crowd a multiplicity of attractions tends to assure.—Burlington Free Press.

## INSTALLED AS PASTOR.

Continued from first page.

variance with a man's ideas and think that he is in the wrong; do not harm the man, but side at his logic. Beware how you treat the man, for the world dearly loves a martyr and it will take sides with him, no matter what his ideas are.

After the singing of a hymn, the prayer of installation was offered by Rev. Dr. Samuel N. Jackson of Burlington, a former pastor of the church. In hearty words of welcome, the right hand of fellowship was extended to Dr. Barnett by Rev. David H. Strong of Williamstown. The charge to the pastor was then given by Rev. Frederick B. Kellogg of Waterbury. The two fundamental principles of a successful minister, he said, are sympathy and love. A minister to be successful must get into the hearts of his people.

Rev. Francis A. Poole of Worcester, Mass., predecessor of Dr. Barnett as pastor of the church, next gave the charge to the people. My duty, he said, is superfluous. The people of this church need no charge. I have learned by happy experience that the people of the Barre Congregational church know how to treat their pastor well. I want to congratulate the people of the church on the man of their choice to be their pastor. He is a fine man and has come to a good people. The Barre Congregational church is second to none in New England, in that you are actuated always by the spirit of fairness, sympathy and love.

The point of view of the congregation and the point of view of the minister are in opposite directions. You are looking at him from the outside, and, in order that you may see something of the minister's point of view, I want to suggest to you some of the things that a pastor most desires in his people. He craves a loyalty of spirit and your confidence in his plans. He craves the sympathy of his congregation. It is along the avenues of sympathy that the deep needs of the human heart are supplied. And, again, he craves for consecration of progress in his people, and, lastly, accord to him always a free pulpit. This age needs and demands that the pulpit shall be free, and the pulpit is freer than any moulder of public opinion in the world. The exercises then closed with the pronouncing of the benediction by Dr. Barnett.

## Jingles and Jests

## His Vainly Flattered.

"That candidate insists that he was defeated by the trusts."  
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "a man gets the word of it he likes to console himself with the idea that he had a mighty big antagonist."  
—Washington Star.

## The Departure.

We have struggled with terms scientific. We've gone without much needed sleep. And many a grin hieroglyphic. Has moved us to wonderment deep. The syllables and other utensils. Have worried the mind and the eye. Now we'll put up our minds and our pen-cik. Goodby, Mr. Comet, goodby!

Your coming was much overrated. They say your farewell will be bright. But no more will the student be led. In vain seek the dawn for your flight. Your threats against our peace have been idle. And now you retreat through the sky. Beings—not at all homical!—Goodby, Mr. Comet, goodby!

No more will we read the Treasures. In quest of some fine, fitting word; No prize about Leo and Taurus. And the rest of the zodiac herd. Like the hopes and the fears that come haunting. In forms which so swiftly pass by. Your are speedily done with your haunt. ing. Goodby, Mr. Comet, goodby!

Why not let us protect your income when you are sick? The Farview Casualty company.

## THE KNAVE OF SPADES

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

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Mary O'Rourke was a typical Irish girl—light hair with a tinge of red in it and a complexion like a ripe peach. Mary lived in stirring times, when the people were struggling to be free from what they deemed the tyranny of the British sovereign.

Of one of these adherents she had heard a great deal, but had never seen him. Dennis Shea was a young rebel taking an active part in the efforts to throw off British supremacy and was rapidly becoming a leader. The government was watching for some overt act on his part that would afford an excuse for his arrest and condemnation for treason. But of this the young patriot knew nothing. A gifted orator, he continued to speak to his countrymen of Ireland's wrongs.

Mary lived in a house with an English family who were very bitter against the Irish patriots. Donald Trevor, the head of the family, was a pious, red faced, rotund man—indeed, a veritable John Bull, who didn't conceal his opinions. One evening when the mail coach stopped at the town a passenger alighted and asked for the house of Donald Trevor. It was pointed out to him, and with his traveling bag, he went to it, and knocked. Mary opened the door, and the stranger said that he had been recommended to the house to stop, since Mr. Trevor was a staunch supporter of the king. Trevor took him in, gave him the best chamber in the house.

This special treatment of the stranger made Mary curious to know who he was. The best way to learn was to listen when Trevor and he were talking together. This was not very practicable, but Mary kept her ears open when near to the two men and knew they were excitedly talking about measures to hold the Irish in check. Then she caught the name Shea. This induced her to take the chance of being discovered eavesdropping by remaining behind a screen when she was supposed to have left the room. The two men were excitedly discussing the Irish cause, and she heard the stranger say:

"I have in my bag the king's warrant for his arrest. He will be tried at the next assizes and within a month after that he will swing."

This was quite enough for Mary. She went to the stranger's room, opened his bag, took out a parchment, unfolded it and saw the name Dennis Shea engrossed in large letters. Tucking it under her apron string, she closed the bag and, taking the warrant to her own room, touched a match to it and burned it.

There is in the Irish people a love for a joke which shows itself in the most serious moments. Seeing a pack of playing cards on a table, Mary took them up and, placing the knave of spades on the top card, she wrote on it, "I'm digging your grave." Then she went back to the stranger's room and placed the cards in the bag where she had found the warrant.

This happened on the morning of the stranger's departure, and he did not open his bag again till he arrived at the place where he had been told he would find Shea. The rebel was to speak that evening in the town square, and shortly before the meeting the king's messenger opened his bag to take out his warrant. In its place was the knave of spades leaning at him with the words Mary had written below.

Here was a pretty pass. The Britisher was obliged to leave the Irish rebel to talk his "treason" without interference. There was no use to hunt for his missing warrant, for he had no idea where he had lost it, and he did not doubt that some sympathizer with the Irish cause had destroyed it. He must get another warrant. But a journey to England in those days and return was not the simple matter it is today. One must go to the coast over muddy roads by the slow coaches of

## \$5.00 Dresses for \$3.98

Price and Quality Talk Again

We have at our call representatives both in Boston and New York to look for special values when wanted. Here is one of them.

## 68 Ladies' Dresses for \$3.98

These Dresses are all different in style and material. Some of them are made in fine batiste of blue, white and tan, others made of tuxedo cloth, braided front and yoke. They are white, old rose and blue. The batiste dresses are trimmed with lace and embroidery. They are beauties.

The Small Price on This Lot of Dresses Must be a Clean Sale. No Memo or Exchanges

## The Vaughan Store

## Have You Seen Those SECTIONAL BOOKCASES In Our Window?

"About the best I ever saw,"—you'll say, probably. You will be correct in your judgment. Note that section with the Lady's Writing Desk. It's a beauty. Moderate prices. Step in, let us tell and show you more about them.

## A.W. BADGER &amp; CO., MORSE BLOCK, Barre, Vt.

Funeral Directors, Licensed Embalmers.  
Residence Office: 85 Eastern Avenue and 113 Seminary Street.  
Telephone: Store, 427-11; House, 427-12 and 903-1.  
We Use NATIONAL CASKET CO. Goods.  
COMFORTABLE AMBULANCE AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

that period, wait for a vessel to take him across the Irish channel and nearly cross England on a similar coast journey to London. Then he must pass over the same route in return.

There was nothing for the messenger but this long trip, but with true English persistence he started on his quest. The next day Dennis Shea received a call from a young woman who was a stranger to him. She was Mary O'Rourke.

"What can I do for you?" asked Shea.

"Go into bidin'."

"Explain."

Mary told the story of the stranger who had stopped at the house where she lived and what she had learned about the warrant. She had got thus far in her story when Shea broke in:

"And you have come to warn me? Noble girl!"

"There's no hurry for you to be part in' with your friends," she said.

"Why not?"

"I stole the warrant, burned it and put a pack of cards in its place with the knave of spades uppermost, so that when he opened his bag he'd see it starin' at him."

This was too much for Shea. He sprang for Mary, took her in his arms and covered her face with kisses.

Mary made no protest.

When the king's messenger reached London he found that the king had died during his absence, and the new sovereign made a change in the Irish policy.

Mary became Mrs. Shea.

One dollar and a half corsets for \$1.00. Not all sizes. A bargain if we have your size. At Vaughan's.

The Happy, Useful Man is he who lives within his income and by adequate life insurance secures to his family a perpetuation of sufficient income if death intervenes. National Life Insurance Company, Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual.)

S. S. Ballard, General Agent, Montpelier, Vt.; N. B. Ballard, local agent, Barre, Vt. (Mutual.)

## The Time to Save

There are times when your necessary expenses do not equal your income. THESE ARE THE TIMES TO SAVE.

There are times when work is plenty and the pay envelope looks good when you get it. THESE ARE THE TIMES TO SAVE.

Now and then, perhaps, you earn a little extra money. WHY NOT SAVE THE EXTRA EARNINGS?

Four per cent. paid on savings accounts.

## Granite

Savings Bank & Trust Company, Barre, Vermont.

## A Flawless Record

Orphaned when very young.  
Worked at odd jobs as a boy.  
Sole inheritance, a string of sleigh bells.  
Preparatory education, self acquired.  
Secured college course on less than \$500, every penny self-earned.

Served as a common soldier in the Union Army.

Graduated as a physician with barely enough money left to buy a ticket from New York City to Rutland.

Became a leading physician in Rutland. Became receiver of the bankrupt Howe Scale Company and has made it all that it has since become.

Has been Mayor of Rutland, Representative from Rutland, Senator from Rutland County and is now the Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont.

## WHO?

**John A. Mead**  
THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR

Issued by the John A. Mead Club of Rutland

President, Hon. Henry O. Carpenter, Mayor;  
Secretary, Walter A. Clark;  
Treasurer, Fred A. Field.

If You Want "Something a Little Different" You'll Find It at

## THE McCUEN STORE

Montpelier

Starting today and continuing all this week, we are going to hold a

## Grand Muslin Underwear Sale

when we are going to offer to the ladies of Montpelier and vicinity the handsomest line of Fine Undermuslins we have ever shown, and the prices marked during this sale should appeal to every lady in this vicinity.

In this, as in every advertisement, we guarantee every price concession exactly as represented.

## LADIES' LONG SKIRTS

We want every lady in this vicinity to see our display of White Skirts. Extra special prices during this sale. They come in sizes 38, 40, 42.

Skirts—Handsomely trimmed flounce with both lace and Hamburg. A large selection, all \$1.00 goods. Sale price — 79c

Ladies' Long Skirts, flounce trimmed with lace and Hamburg. All our \$1.25 goods. Sale price, 98c

Our entire line of \$1.50 and \$1.69 Skirts, made of extra quality muslin, deep flounce, handsomely trimmed with lace and Hamburg. All at one price, \$1.19

Ladies' Long Skirts that were \$2.98. Sale price, \$2.59

## LADIES' DRAWERS

Ladies' Drawers, 23, 25, 27 lengths, plain hem-stitched, 21c.

Ladies' Drawers, lace and Hamburg trimmed; were 50c; for 42c.

## LADIES' NIGHT ROBES

We wish to particularly call attention to the fine quality of muslin in all our Underwear.

Ladies' Muslin Night Robes, high neck with tucked yoke. Our 50c grade. Sale price — 42c

Ladies' Muslin Night Robes, high neck, prettily trimmed with Hamburg, retail for 69c. Sale price, 59c

Ladies' Night Robes, Empire Style, with lace trimming. Regular price, 79c. Sale price, 65c

Ladies' Night Robes same Empire Style, with lace and Hamburg trimming, others high neck with lace and Hamburg trimming. Many styles, all \$1.00 value. Sale price — 79c

Ladies' Gowns, high neck, with lace and Hamburg trimming, our \$1.25 gowns, at — 98c

## CORSET COVERS

An immense assortment of French Corset Covers, daintily trimmed with ribbons and laces and ribbon-run beadings